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FROM THE ORIENT.

The Sultan: I AM TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONDAY, AND AGAIN ON FRIDAY NEXT. WON'T YOU GRACE, BY YOUR PRESENCE, AT LEAST ONE OF MY WEDDINGS?

The Shah: HOW PROVOKING! HAVE WEDDINGS OF MY OWN FOR BOTH DATES.





Solid Silver

Exclusively.



WHITING M'F'G CO

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th Street,

NEW YORK.

To the owners of the "VIGILANT," from the
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, to commemorate her victory over
the "Valkyrie," in defense of "AMERICA'S" CUP, 1893.

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.,

Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO.

Silks.

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| 30 Pieces Best Quality Lyons Printed China
Silks go at | 49 Cts. |
| 50 Pieces Fancy Silks, street and evening shades
expected to bring 1.50 and 1.75, go at | 98 Cts. |
| All of our Silk Grenadines at $\frac{1}{4}$ value. | |

Rich Dress Goods.

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| 44-inch Fancy Novelties, imported to sell at
2.00, 2.50 and 3.00. | 98 Cts. |
| 1.00 quality Silk and Wool Challies, | 50 Cts. |
| All-Wool French Challies, | 35 Cts. |

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| 34-inch Covert Suitings | 45 Cts.
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Stripes | 98 Cts.
(Worth 2.25). |
| 38-inch hair-line Nun's Veiling, red,
green and blue | 50 Cts.
(Worth 85 cts.) |
| 34-inch fine flake Novelty | 69 Cts.
(Worth 1.25.) |
| All Imported Crepons | 59 Cts. |

THE ENTIRE BLOCK,
Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

LOOK AT THESE PRIZES!

\$50

First, Fifty Dollars.

\$25

Second, Twenty-Five Dollars.

\$10

Third, Ten Dollars.

\$5

Fourth, Five Dollars.

AND FIVE OTHERS.

To be awarded for correct replies to the
MIX-UP to be printed in the

Single Copies, 10 cents
Annual Subscription, \$1.00

SEPTEMBER
NUMBER

OF

19 West Thirty-first St.,
NEW YORK CITY.

Life's Monthly
Calendar.



"HOWLY MURDER, MICKEY, BUT HOW HAIRY YEZ HAVE GROWN BY LIVING WID THE NAGURS!"

TO MY ALARM CLOCK.

RING out, thou tocsin of inquietude,
Let thy alarum rend the morning air
And tear the day from night! Be thy tones rude
And harsh upon mine ear; and though I swear
In voice made thick by somnolence, ring on!
Ring on and curdle sleep—its sweetest hour!
Ring on! At my behest thy duty's done.
But yet a little while, and then thy power
Is wasted, spent; again thy tongue is still;
Again the welcome silence pays its court
To sleep; not coy, sleep yields and yields until
All's naught and senses unto dreams resort.
At last there comes the dread awakening
When Time has fled far down into the day.
Sans shave, *sans* breakfast, I am hastening
To catch the train that just now sped away.

SHE: Boys will be boys.
HE: So would the girls, if they could.



A POLICE COURT.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

Special Despatch to LIFE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—An able-bodied gentleman in perfect health, and carrying neither crutch nor cane, was standing yesterday afternoon on the cross walk at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street. A Broadway cable-car was approaching at full speed. He signalled to the gripman to stop. The car stopped.

THE TENNIS COURT.

SHE: What do you think of Mr. Martin's playing?

RIVAL: I think he is singularly bad in doubles, and doubly bad in singles.

"TRULY," said Witticus, when he saw ox tail soup and tongue on the free lunch counter, "extremes meat."

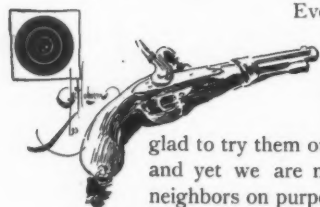
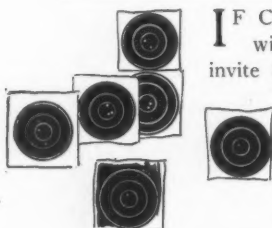


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. AUGUST 16, 1894. No. 607.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



IF China and Japan were really imbued with the spirit of hospitality they would invite Christendom to come in and take a hand in their fight. Christendom, especially Europe, has been aching for a fight for fifteen years. Her nations have a splendid lot of new war apparatus which they want very much to test, but dare not try on one another for fear of the consequences.

Even here in the United States we have some ships which we claim can whip almost anything afloat and run away from anything they can't whip. We would be glad to try them on something if it was only junks, and yet we are not willing to fall out with our neighbors on purpose to make an occasion. But if China and Japan could only say, "Friends, we have lots of good fighting here; step in and help yourselves," that would simplify everything, and every one with a piece of war machinery to test might get a chance to try it without hard feelings, or breach of faith, or menace to the balance of power.

As it is, the war is not so interesting as it might be. China has the advantage of being in a case where it seems impossible to do her any serious harm. If a few millions of Chinese were killed off, the effect, as it strikes the American mind, would be to make it more comfortable for the survivors. But the Japanese we know better, and they seem to us less like ants and more like folks, and if they should get seriously worsted the draft on our sympathies might be considerable. Meanwhile, as Japan for the moment is on top, we look on dispassionately and wonder whether China can send more rats into the pit than the lively Japanese terrier can manage.

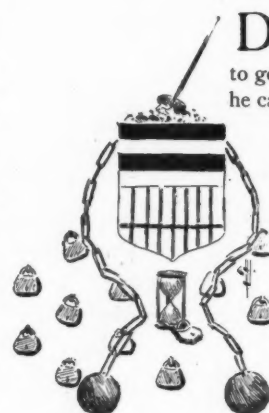
AS LIFE goes to press the vicissitudes of tariff legislation seem to be nearing their end. One day word has come that agreement was imminent, the next that it was impossible. The immediate prospect is that about the time these lines reach the reader a bill will have been passed

and the President will have signed it. If the new tariff proves to be worth what it has cost it will be one of the most valuable measures that any Congress has ever passed. It will be in order as soon as possible after the bill is signed for every one who has had a hand in the making of it to clear right out of Washington and go to a cool place and rest; and for everyone who has been waiting for it to proceed promptly to business. So may business hump itself once more, and coin begin again to accumulate in the nation's pocket.

And then, be the tariff good or bad, let us make it a penal offense for any to suggest changing it. Tariff-tinkering is doubtless an entertaining occupation for congressional gas-tanks, but the pastime is too expensive for the rest of the country. It may be fun for the boys, but it is certainly sure death for the frogs.

THE late General Pleasanton, the inventor of the blue glass craze, was a public benefactor of an unusual stripe. Blue glass never did anyone any harm. It amused and interested people for a time, and died mildly out, leaving very little wreckage behind it. Compared with football, free silver, cordage, the operation for appendicitis, roller-skating, ritualism, "The Heavenly Twins," "Robert Elsmere," slumming, or almost any of the successive enthusiasms of recent years, the blue glass craze bears the bell as the one that cost the least and did the least incidental damage. It is no small exploit to start a sensation that attracts universal attention and still develops no sting.

DEBS is thinking of going to Congress. How he proposes to get there is not very clear, but if he can he might be in a worse place. Provided there are not too many cranks in Congress it is a good school for them. Congressmen with upsetting ideas must either keep still or be found out. Debs as the generalissimo of an army of misguided workmen is well situated to make mischief, but Congress is not yet in so bad a case that he could not hope to learn something there without serious expense to the country. At the present time, however, his chances of being sent to jail seem far superior to his prospects of getting to Washington.





She : HER HORSE RAN AWAY AND HE STOPPED IT. AND NOW THEY ARE MARRIED.
He (sadly) : YES, BUT SOME HORSES NEVER RUN AWAY.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

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mothers in a story. They make it easy for the novelist when he gets the plot tied into knots. The beautiful but wicked siren fills the part in a way, in this tale, though she has her limitations. But a fairy godmother does not bother with the ordinary rules of the game. That is why we need to have her restored to full standing in the new school of old romance.

* * *

BUT, gentlemen of the new school, whatever you leave out of your stories, give us plenty of blood! Not ordinary blood spilt in brutal murders—we get enough of that in the newspapers—but fine blue blood shed in a gentlemanly way with plenty of “gadzooks” and “by my halidom” to accompany it. We have a preference for rapiers and broadswords as the weapons, because the reporters have made us suspect that a “Smith & Wesson, 32 caliber” is a rather vulgar weapon.



“THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.”

THE wave of romance which has made the books of Stanley J. Weyman popular, has carried forward “The Prisoner of Zenda,” (Holt), by Anthony Hope (Hawkins.) It happens to be one of those recent books which people have the annoying habit of asking you whether you have read, and what you think about it. If you pick it up to look it over in order not to be compelled to lie in regard to it, you'll surely read it through. There is an insinuating style about it from the beginning, and the alluring prospect of a real man's “lark.”

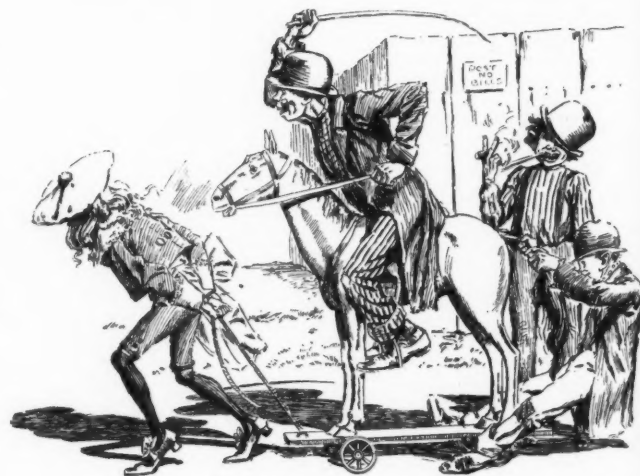
Most boys play at “being king,” and this story carries on the play. Not only does the young Englishman play at being king, but he makes love to the real king's best girl. If there is anything more fascinating in romance than the king business, it is making love to a princess without any responsibility to marry her. Indeed, in the whole story the young Englishman has the best of the real king all the time. Of course he has to kill a few people now and then, but that is simply rare sport for a healthy Englishman. When he is not making money out of other nations, he goes to work to kill them off for glory.

Moreover, this story has lots of other stage properties of the old-fashioned sort. There is an unhealthy moat, and a drawbridge that creaks on its hinges, and a dungeon cell. In the human way, also, it is well supplied with gentlemanly assassins, treacherous, confidential servants, and, better than all else, a beautiful but wicked woman, who loves the villain, but saves the life of his enemy.

What more can the children of the decade, who are saturated with reality, ask for—unless it be a fairy godmother? There is a great deal to be said for fairy god-



REGINALD CANNOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION OF DAZZLING SOME BAD BOYS WITH HIS NEW PRESENT.



SNORTY TRIES IT.

SUMMER READING.

THESE items are from a New York daily. The scene is laid at Newport.

At the two dances last week there was a fair show of belles and beaux, scores of handsome toilets and a plentiful glimmer of diamonds. Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., looked handsome in a gown of rainbow silk, trimmed with lace and made with sleeves of amber velvet. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was in pale blue satin, elaborately embroidered with pearls and trimmed with point lace.

There is certainly no advantage in possessing expensive jewels if one doesn't wear them, and there is no use in wearing them if nobody is to know it. That is where the "Society" reporter is a useful thing. Although times are hard, we have no reason to doubt that these pearls and diamonds are real. Possibly they are the identical ones so often mentioned last winter.

It is also pleasant to learn that

Mrs. William F. Burden was in black satin, the bodice plentifully covered with white lace, and the small, puffed sleeves of magenta velvet caught up with diamond buckles.

And then, to think that

The Count and Countess Sierstorpff to-morrow night will give the first of a series of dinner parties, invitations to which are much prized.

And justly prized, too, we have no doubt. The food will probably be excellent, and the company well dressed and orderly, but why tell us about it?

WELL, WELL!

THERE is a rumor from Newport that Mrs. Paron Stevens and Mr. Ward McAllister held a council of war and decided the Pullman family should be excluded from their set. We are not personally acquainted with the Pullmans, and have no correct idea of just how sensitive or ambitious they may be, but we do happen to know something of Mrs. Paron Stevens and of Mr. Ward McAllister. To be damned by such a jury is either a compliment to the victims' intelligence and refinement or the deepest degradation to which a white adult can be subjected. It is either a side splitting farce or a howling tragedy.



MIKE AND JIMMY ALSO TEST IT.



THEY UNJUSTLY HOLD REGINALD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STUBBORNNESS OF THE ANIMAL.

We have nothing but praise for the way in which the hero of this story kills men. When it has to be done he makes clean work of it—even when he is compelled to run a knife into a man who is asleep in a boat.

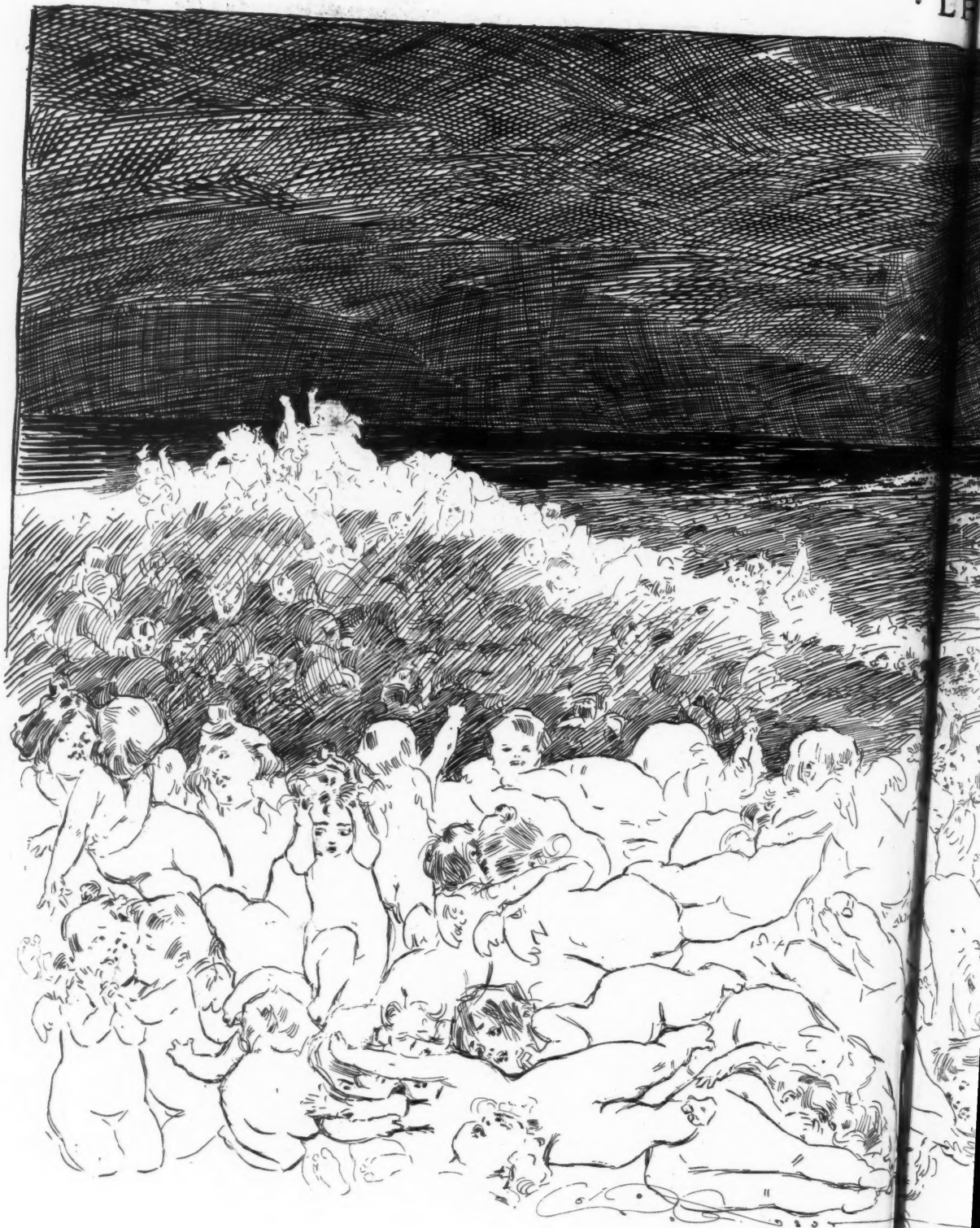
We have only one fault to find with him—he ought to have run off with the beautiful princess. When he restored the real king to his kingdom he satisfied the moralities enough. The laws of romance demand that a genuine hero should be devilish enough to run away with a beautiful woman when he has the chance. This is the only indication in the book that the modern Englishman has fallen away from the standard of the middle ages.

In the meantime, where is the American School of Romance? A contemporary cynic says that it is attending afternoon teas and kettledrums!

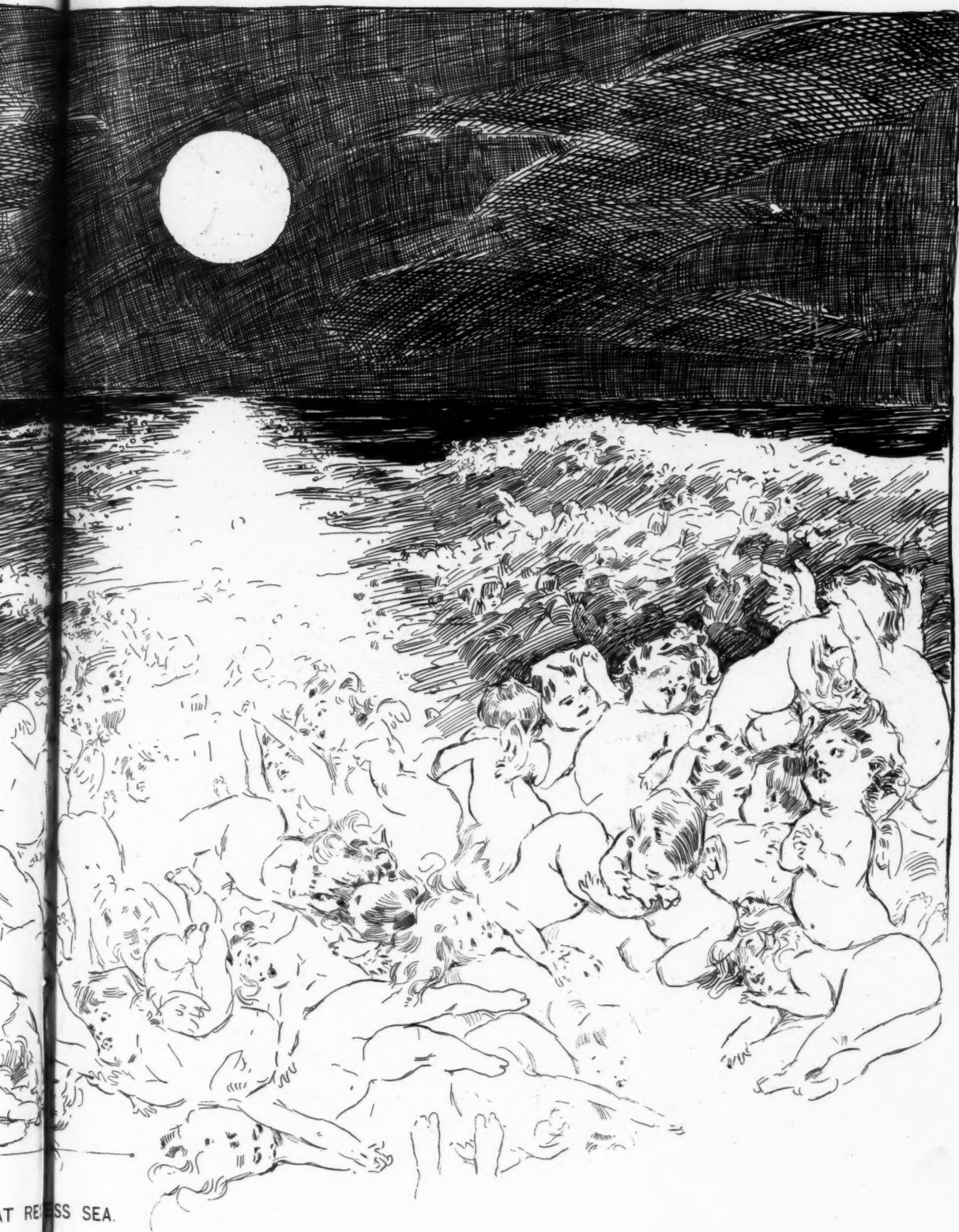
Droch.

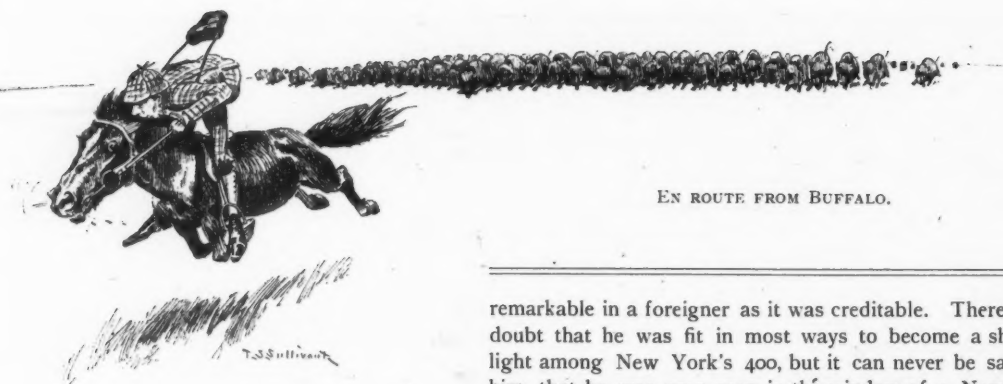


HE IS FINALLY RESCUED, BUT HIS CONFIDENCE IN HUMAN NATURE IS TERRIBLY SHAKEN.



THAT RESS SEA.





EN ROUTE FROM BUFFALO.

IN MEMORIAM.

AN obituary is at best a cold tribute. It is coining tears and sorrow into words, and therefore seems unfitted to the columns of so purely a utilitarian journal as LIFE.

But there has lately passed from among us a foreigner of such distinction that even we must bend the knee in sorrow and let our rhetoric flow.

Chiko, whose latest portrait we here present, was an African of lofty lineage. In his veins flowed the purest ape blood, uncontaminated by any intermarriage that should bring him or his ancestors within the range of Mr. Darwin's treatise, "The Descent of Man." Chiko's family was a proud one, and declined all the alleged advantages of evolution. They preferred to remain as they were, even if they had to do without divorce, poorhouses, politics, policemen and the other blessings which accrue to humanity and civilization.

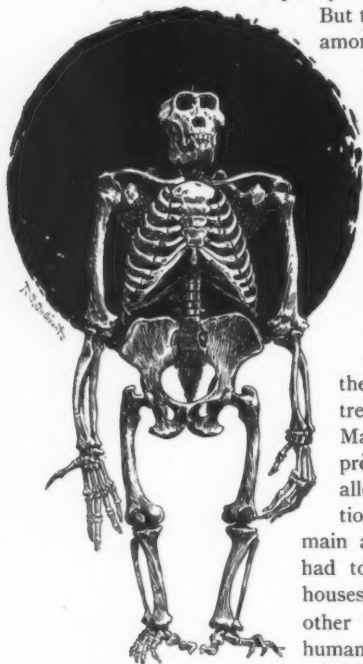
"Chiko is dead."

When these words came flashing over the wires a nation mourned.

Chiko was unique, and no other foreigner who has ever visited these shores has achieved his distinction. In the first place he made no effort to gain the *entrée* to American society. He brought no letters of introduction, and although many an American heiress and fashionable woman sought his notice, he regarded them all with an indifference as

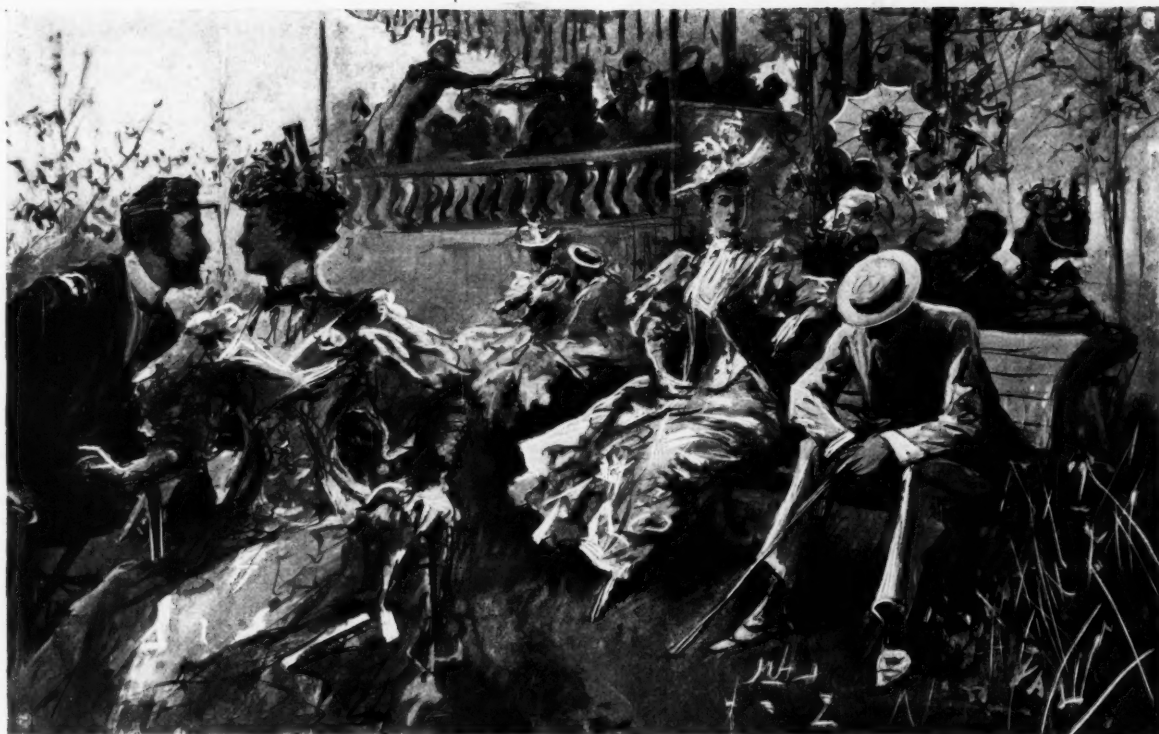
remarkable in a foreigner as it was creditable. There is no doubt that he was fit in most ways to become a shining light among New York's 400, but it can never be said of him that he was ever seen in the window of a New York club, nor did he ever make the slightest effort to secure an invitation to a Patriarchs' Ball. He never wore a monocle, never turned up the bottoms of his trowsers, never assumed any other affectation that could mark him as a social aspirant. He never talked about his taste in wines, nor pretended to any special ability with a chafing dish. He never attended a horse show nor evinced an anglomaniacal desire to ride to hounds. Especially is it to his credit that he never permitted the New York newspapers to print his name as an *ad nauseam* attendant at social entertainments. He never talked politics nor religion and never permitted himself to be interviewed by a reporter. On the most sultry days he refrained from inquiring if it was hot enough for any one, and never made an after-dinner speech. To be sure, these were negative virtues, but they made Chiko shine by contrast with the descendants of his ancestors.

Although Chiko had sojourned some time in this country there is no evidence that he intended to write a book holding us up to the ridicule of his readers. Tammany Hall would



"WHY, TOM, THEY AIN'T NOTHINK IN HIS POCKETS BUT A BIBLE AN' A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR!"

"PUT THE BIBLE BACK, JIM, PUT IT BACK. THE MONEY WE KIN KEEP, BUT DO NOT LET US SINK SO LOW AS TO FORGIT THAT THE BOOK IS SACRED!"



A FAIR INFERENCE.

He: WHY DO YOU THINK THEY ARE MARRIED?

She: I HEARD HER ASK HIM FOR A KISS LAST NIGHT.

have secured his naturalization and given him a vote, possibly a place on the police force, at any time, but he evinced no desire to possess a vote to sell.

Chiko's life while in this country was a purely domestic one. It is true he journeyed about from city to city to some extent, but he made few friends and these within a limited circle.

But he is dead, and it does not seem likely that we shall soon see another foreigner possessing just his qualities or so strongly entitled to enlist public interest.

J. S. M.

WILLIS: Is the man who gave you that cigar a friend of yours?

WALLACE: I don't know. I haven't smoked it yet.

TRAGEDIAN (*in restaurant*): I never struck a worse egg than this.

COMEDIAN: That may be, old fellow, but worse eggs than that have struck you.

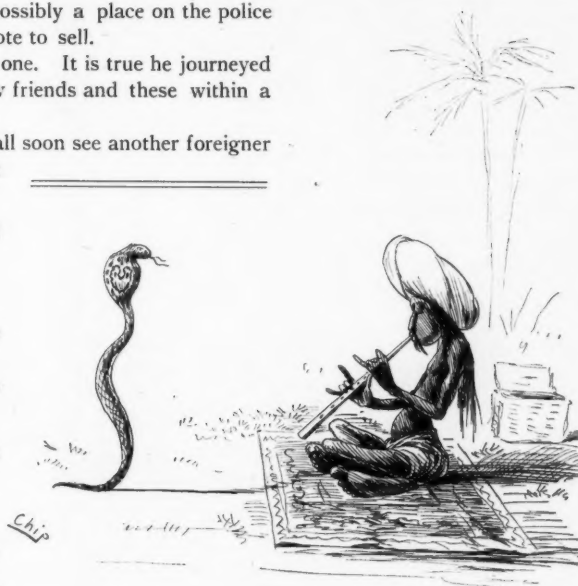
UPPERS: Can you tell counterfeit money when you see it?

HARDER: Yes.

UPPERS: Just look at this bill.

HARDER: Do you think there's anything wrong with it?

UPPERS: I don't know; I just borrowed it from Screws-boie, and he let me have it the first time I asked him.



A CHARMING YOUNG MAN.



VERY TRYING.

THREE EXCITING ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE EVENING AND THEN THIS TELEGRAM FROM A THOUGHTLESS HUSBAND!

MY RIVAL.

I HAVE just returned, and, peeping in,
 I see my wife and my rival there.
 His dark hair touches her velvet cheek,
 And their eyes burn love in the firelight's flare.
 Oh, why do I not, like the men in the books,
 Creep back down the stairs and into the night,
 And take my pain and my hated self
 Forever out of my darling's sight?
 Or why not fling the door wide open,
 Confront this villain with smiling face,
 Disown this wife whose heart is another's,
 And live alone with my deep disgrace?
 What was that sound? A kiss, I vow!
 Yet, would you believe it? I smile with joy.
 And now I am kissing them both myself—
 For you see, he's my little baby boy.

IF!

PROPORTIONATELY to the size of the insect's body, an ant's brain is said to be larger than the brain of any known creature. Ants seem to display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection, and good judgment.—*Journal of Zoophily.*

Is there no way of getting a few of these animals into the United States Senate?

A FALSE REPORT.

BROWN: I hear you are the happy father of twins?

JONES: I am the father of twins.

THE PLACE FOR REPENTANCE.

MRS. CUMSO: So they married in haste, did they?

MRS. CAWKER: Yes; and now they are repenting in Sioux Falls.



Deacon Parker: DID YOU SMELL ONIONS?

Col Korn: NOT TILL YOU SPOKE.



AND THEY'VE WORN HER OUT.

THE poets of the Summer Girl
Sing how she moves and lives,
Describe each freckle, golden curl
And every glance she gives.

Through cottage door,
By sea and shore,
In bathing suit and tan,
The poets chase the Summer Girl,
But skip the Summer Man.—*Boston Budget.*

It was in a sleeping-car going through Kansas. The man from the East was evidently agitated about something. It was a remarkable fact that he had a newspaper spread over his lap and seemed scared to death every time the brakeman opened the door and let the draft turn one corner of it over. The man in the seat behind him saw him looking under the seat every once in a while, and after a time made bold to say:

"Have you lost anything?"

"No." After a silence he turned his head and said: "My friend, will you lean over so that I can talk to you without turning around?"

The request was complied with and he went on:

"I'm lookin' for a friend in need. You don't belong in Kansas, do you?"

"No."

"Well, I want to borrow a pair of socks. The porter has lost mine somehow or other. I've hunted high and low, but they aren't to be found, and I found that for the first time in my life I got on the train without an extra supply."

"I think I have a pair," said the stranger. "It must be rather embarrassing to be caught in such a predicament away from home," he added sympathetically.

"Embarrassing! The worst of it is that I have low shoes on. I've gone three stations past my stopping place for fear the people out here would get on to my condition and want to run me for Congress."—*Chicago Tribune.*

QUITE a ghastly story is told of the British General Post-Office, concerning "invisible ink." A postman had long been suspected of stealing sheets of postage stamps, but the crime could not be brought home to him. One day he was found with a square foot or two of them in his possession, and confronted with his official superiors. He maintained, as on former occasions, that he had bought them for his own use.

"What! these?" exclaimed his chief, at the same time passing a moist brush over one of the sheets, whereupon the blood-red words, "Stolen from the General Post-Office," started out like flame upon it. An eye-witness of the occurrence described it as most melodramatic, and the ingenious chemical contrivance at once brought the thief to his knees.—*Argonaut.*

THE colored people in a small town in Georgia had gathered at their church to hold funeral services over the remains of a woman who had died a couple of days before, and the ceremonies were about to begin when the bereaved husband, who was a large, corpulent man, beckoned to one of the men standing in the vestibule to follow him to the horse shed in the rear of the church. When they had arrived there the bereaved turned on him with:

"See heah, Moses, I wants an understandin' wid yo' befo' dis funeral goes any furder."

"What is it, Julius?" asked the other.

"Las' week, when we buried Henry Carter's wife, yo' was right at hand. Yo' crowded yo'self up to de front. When de weepin' begun yo' set yo'self to work an' moaned an' took on until Henry hadn't no show 'tall. Some of de white folks reckoned yo' was de bereaved yo'self."

"I dun couldn't help it, Julius."

"Yo' couldn't? Well, now, let me give yo' a pinter. Lucinda was my wife an' nobody else's. She libed wid me an' died wid me, an' I'ze got to foot all de 'spenses. Now, den, when desadness begins I'ze number one from start to finish. I'ze de bereaved, while yo' is only an outsider who feels sad 'cause I'ze left all alone in dis cold world. Yo' has got to keep shet. If yo' go to takin' on like yo' did last week I'ze gwine to forgit my great loss jist long 'nuff to turn around an' gin yo' such a lift under de ear dat you'll reckon yo' is the subject of de funeral. Do yo' 'har me, Moses?"

"I does."

"Den cum along, and recomember what I'ze bin sayin'. Better take a seat in the back row an' hole yo'self down, fur at de werry fust whoop of sorrow I'ze gwine to light on yo' wid a fo'ce of fo'teen hoss power!"—*New York Sun.*

HOSTESS (at evening party): How dull everybody seems. I think I had better ask Miss Poundaway to play something.

HOST: Oh, Matilda! She's such an execrable performer, you know.

HOSTESS: What difference does that make? It will start the conversation all the same.—*Truth.*

For sale by all Newdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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"BEAUTIFUL scenery here, is it not?" asked the young man of a solitary traveler whom he found pacing along the seashore.

"Well, no," replied the stranger, "I can't agree with you. I think the ocean is too small. It is no such ocean as my mother used to have."

"Your mother's ocean was superior, then?"

"Oh, yes, vastly superior. What tumbling breakers! What a magnificent sweep of view! What amplitudes of distance! What fishing there was in my mother's ocean."

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not, sir?"

"Too low, and too narrow across the top," replied the stranger.

"I hadn't noticed," said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is too low, and there isn't air enough in it, either. Besides, it doesn't sit plumb over the earth. It is wider from north to south than it is from west to east. I call it a pretty poor sky. It is no such sky as my mother used to have."

"Pardon me, but did your mother have a special sky and ocean of her own?"

Here an old resident came up and drew the young man aside.

"Don't talk with him," said the old resident. "He is a hopeless lunatic. He is a man who always used to tell his wife about 'the biscuits my mother used to make,' 'my mother's pies,' 'my mother's puddings,' and 'my mother's plum-cakes.' The habit grew on him so much that he became a confirmed lunatic, and now he does nothing but compare everything he sees with the same things his mother used to have."—*Exchange*.

Two families were recently greatly disturbed over a telegram. A son and a daughter of these families had married and gone away on a bridal tour of three weeks or a month, as the case might be. Two days after the three weeks were up the bride's parents received a telegram, which read:

"Have had a row with my husband. Am coming home. KITTY."

To say this was not startling would be to say what was not true, and the bride's parents at once hastened to the home of the groom's parents, only to find there a similar message, except that it read, "Have had a row with my wife." Messages were wired at once, but no replies were received, as the couple had evidently started home immediately after they had sent their communications. Then there followed an anxious waiting, and 36 hours later the facetious and happy couple turned up smiling, with the explanation that it was a row on the river they were talking about, and they weren't to blame if the telegraph didn't pronounce words correctly.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CHAPON, the French poet, about the middle of the present century, ended his days in prison for theft. At the prison of Ste. Pelagie, during his incarceration, Chapon once met Félix Pyat, revolutionist and communist, who was generally in prison for some political offense. As political prisoners were generally sent to Ste. Pelagie, and as Chapon was a somewhat pretentious and well-educated person, Pyat supposed that he, too, had been sentenced for some revolutionary attempt. So, stepping up to him, he extended both his hands and said, with a friendly smile:

"We, sir, political offenders—"

"I beg your pardon, citizen," said Chapon, straightening up and looking very coldly on Pyat, "I'm in for stealing, if you please."—*Argonaut*.

"Who's your friend?" asked Wilburn, as his companion paused and lifted his hat to a lady who drove by.

"That isn't a friend," said Mosser, absentmindedly. "That's my wife."

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A PROMINENT banker in Sydney was holding forth on his early life. "How did I get my first start in life?" he exclaimed. "Why, one day I picked up a pin."

"Oh! that game's played out," was the cry. "I picked up a pin," the banker continued, "a diamond pin," which I pawned for £50, and after giving 10 'bob' to charity, to change my luck, I began my career as a money lender with the other £40 10s. Today, after 30 years' hard labor, I am a millionaire, and to celebrate the event have just given 10s. more to charity.—*Spare Moments*.

WALTER BAKER & CO., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Mid-winter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, states that "One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor." The scale, however, is placed so high, they say, "that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases." All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.

"The charge against this man, your honor, is drunk and disorderly," said the officer.

"I don't deny it, judge," said the prisoner.

"I got pretty drunk, I guess, but it was my first offence, and I know when I've had enough. I shan't do it again."

"In that case," said the magistrate, "I am disposed to be—but haven't I seen you before?"

"I reckon you have, judge. I live right across the street from you."

"You do, hey? Have you a lawn mower?"

"Yes."

"You get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and run it till breakfast time, don't you?"

"Yes. That is the kind of man I am. I'm always busy, and never let any of my time go to —"

"Thirty days. Take him away and call the next."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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A SCOTCHMAN went to the lawyer for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, aye, ser!" replied he. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it yourself."—*Milwaukee Times*.

"WHAT'S the matter, Butler? You look very glum."

"I am glum. You know those patent dime banks that won't open until you've got ten dollars in em?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've got one home. I put in \$9.00."

"And burglars came in and stole it?"

"No, sir; but my wife put in the hundred dime and got the ten dollars."—*Harper's Bazar*.



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